

ROMES ECCHO

OR

A DIALOGVE BE-
T WIXT A PAPIST
AND A PROTESTANT:VVITH AN ADMONITION
TO OVR LORDLY
BISHOPS.And a briefe Relation of the suffering of
that worthy and Religious Devine Master
BATES, and the Inhumane usage of his
dead bones afterward.Who died in the Gatchouse, under the
Bishops Tyrannie.

PROVERBS 12.V. 10.

*A Righteous man regardeth the life of his Beast, but the
tender mercies of the wicked are cruell.*Printed in the Wonderfull Yeare
of God, 1641.

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AND A PROTESTANT:

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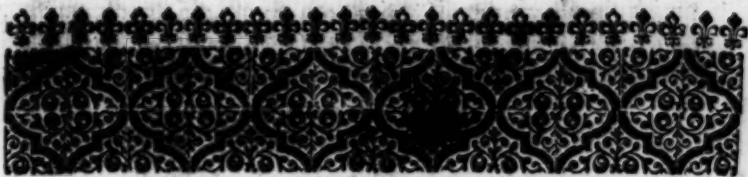
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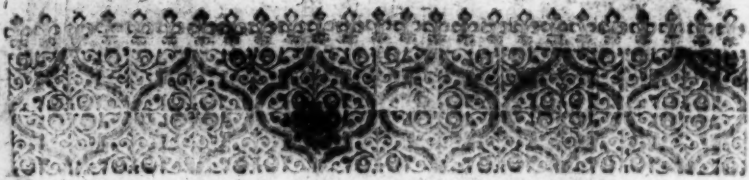
Printed in the Wonderful Year
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A Caveate for Lordly Bishops.

Come downe ye Bishops feare a fall
your kingdome 'ginnes to shake :
the hand is writing on the wall
which makes your knees to quake.
Your building like a tottering wall
the ground workes laid in sand
Come downe it will take *Babels* fall
sure long it cannot stand :
Your language is confounded sure
you were not whar to say ;
And yet to build up *Babels* tower,
you still bring clods of clay.
But all this while you patch, and peece
with paultrie stuffe indeed ;
So that in th'end the marke you misse
when you hope best to speed.
It is not *Serabans* calves
can save you I am sure ;
Nor yet your cruell Canon Lawes
can make your Kingdome dure.
You have deprived many a man
for breaking mans decrees ;
But for the Lawes of God not one
that doth his living leese.
How can this stand with equity
resolve me this I pray ;
To maintaine guides that cannot see,
and thrust the good away.
For let him be the vilest wretch
that lives under the sunne ;
If he will weare a Surplesse,
and crosse the Child with thumbe.

Hee's countenanced still by you
much better then the best
If this prove not to be too true,
then let me have no rest
You sell most foule adulteries
for silver and for gold.
The poore must crouch upon his knees
by you to be absolved.
And sometimes you blesse Iack for lill
if silver doe appeare ;
If not then sometimes say you will,
poore knave what dost thou here!
You thinke to have your heaven here,
and after heaven too ;
But I can tell you in your care,
that will be much adoe.
For you be growne so monstrous great,
even now adayes of late ;
That 'twill goe hard for you to get
in at the narrow gate.
Therefore me thinks it were the best
if you could so agree ;
To let your hearts have now no rest
till you unladen bee.
Of all your pome, and glorions state
which causeth God to frowne ;
Which sinne of yours he doth so hate
that sure you must come downe,
For sure the Word of God is true,
and doe it not forget ;
He will pluck up I say to you
those plants he never set.



A Catechism for Lords Bishops.

Q One day these Bishops came a fall
your long time since to look
the hand is writing on the wall
which makes your knees to quake
Your shining like a morning sun
the ground works laid to sand
Q how now it will take A what shall
the long in earnest stand
Your language is comfortable
you were not what to say
And yet to build up words now
you still bring words of life
But with words you teach and peace
So that in it and the marks you miss
when you hope best to speak
It is not I say but
I say you I am sure
Not yet your own Canon Law
can make you Kingdome due
You have deprived many a man
for breaking mans covenants
But for the Lawes of God none
that doth his living
How can this stand with equity
to tell me this I say
To maintain guides that cannot see
and shew the good way
For let him be the worst wretch
that lives under the sun
If he will wear a Bishop's
and cross the Child with thump.

He's commanded still by you
much better than the best
If this prove not to be too true
than I can have no rest
You shall not have a Bishop
for ever and a day
The poor must cry upon his back
by you to be a Bishop
And content your selfe for still
it never do appear
If not then for ever you will
poor know what will then be
You think to have your Bishop
and after heaven too
But I can tell you in your ears
that will be much sorer
For you do growne to monstrous great
even now what of this
I say will you have for ever
in at the pious gate
Therefore me think it were the best
if you could agree
To let your hearts have now no rest
all you make bee
Of all your pompe and glorious state
which makes God to frowne
Which name of yours be doth to hate
that live you will come downe
For thus the Word of God is true
and doe it not forget
He will speak up I say to you
these things however be

ROMES ECCHO

IN

A Dialogue betweene a Protestant and a Papist.

Protestant.

VV Hat newes Sir traueling heere
you should know some I thinke,
For many times if any stirre
you have it the *Link*.

Papist.

Yea some there is one *Milderhus*
for that he thought not meete,
To take our Inquisition oath,
was cast into the Fleete.

Protestant.

Me thinks I should well know the man,
that was taken in the Church,
Is it not one, death what he can
t'oppose the Romish Church?

Papist.

Is he, but wote you one that then
in High Commission sat,
In learned surty, and open Court,
his fault did aggravate.
Youd faine know how, I tell it now
a number standing by,
In sober wise, he deeth adwise,
and tells him this plaine he,
That *Banbury* men were Risse at first,
Oh they would nothing doe:
But now they would doe best & worst,
and some thing over too.
And you (saith he) will peevish be,
you'll in New prison lie,

And there perhaps ere long like *Bares* !
a malefactor dye.

Protestant.

What said he thus / then had he quite
the poore mans courage dash,
But that he knew, it was not true,
his Lordship overlax.
For thus to speake of worthy *Bares*,
how was he not afraid?
In stead of malefactor, he
a Martyr should have said:
What though we be not so precise,
and little scripture can?

We are perswaded heli'd well,
and dyed a faithfull man,
Will *Turner* think you turne his coat,
and say he cares not what?
Wil *Sharpe* of *Banbury* change his noate
and now goe sing a flat?
Nay *Turner* hood, and heard this tale,
and was aston'd to heare:
The Bishop went so foule umbrat,
without all shame or feare.

Papist.

Well true or false it matters not,
you see heres just occasion:
Why we resolve their Lordships have
a Catholike perswasion.
And truly they deserve our Church,
should yeeld them great applause,
In shew they much oppose, in deed
they much maintaine our cause.

What

What though they rate us now and then

to some base count
and call us powder blowing men
that we may be spent.

I thought you and they too seem to see
the Common advantage.

Yet they, and we too well agree
we very little varie.

And though in worldly policie,
they must needs make faire weather,

They know full well their cause & ours
will stand or fall together.

With Puritans, and Preachers all,
which most our Kingdome shake,

Accounting those our common foes,
that they offend our order take.

Of such Precesians what they can,
the Churches they disfigure.

And least in Pulch' cease a man
will do us any harme.

Yes sundry men thought to take
your flocks to their own use.

Your mass, your vows, your pilgrimages
and Popes superstices.

Your salt, your shille, and your creame,
your kneeling to the bread.

Your sacrifice, your fasting daies,
your prayers for the dead.

Your calling on departed Saints,
your penances, pardons, indulgences,

and such like popish mire.

Your Censure, and baptizing Bells,
your surplices, and your lightes.

Your crossing, bowing, and kneeling,
and the making of pictures.

Your orders, alms, and penitents,
your Letany processions.

Strange language, lying miracles,
auricular confession, and such like.

Your Church, which by your means, works
of supererogation, and such like.

Your canon law, and other faint
your grosse equivocation, and such like.

Your singing, ringing, Requies,
and such like.

What though they rate us now and then

to some base count

your monethly minde, your fables

Your legends, bells, and ringing, and
more base than superstitious.

Your still praying, kneeling, wounding
your countesse, knocking bells,

Your false communication, kissing paxe,
and kneeling in in chais.

Your counsels, canons, decretals,
decrees, and mens traditions.

Your lewish churching, and such like
a thousand superstitions.

These are your Doctrines, whereunto
your practises doe suite.

All which our learned Cleargie men,
doe labour to confute.

In words, as true as well as I

our Doctrines doe disclaime

But who fees not therein they give
themselves a private maine.

We sometimes heare, & well can beare,
They call our doctrine dorage.

Provided though they doe not cate
our means, they stop our portage.

What are our ceremonies good,
and are our Doctrines naught?

In fence can these be searched,
and not these other things?

The bluffers which your Doctors make,
is but a blast of breath.

Theres in it no such danger as you
no danger but a fleshly.

Themselves must sob, & come, & crouch
and caule to bow the knee.

When as they deale, and cate
the bread as well as we.

They must put on our worthy weedes
cap, tippet, and surplice.

And do such rites for which what word,
or warrant can we use.

If any other should alludge
also he should be feting.

And coyne some from his owne conceit,
or from some other base.

What order have we you have now
ile wage an hundred poundes.

Our Papacie, your Prelacie
stands on the selfsame grounds.
You keepe our falling and feasting dayes,
you reade our Leuities
Our Canons, and your lawes, from as
you have your ministration
Your Churchmen, Chapples, & your quire
your Letany, Conferences
Some worthy points whereof there is
not one of us complainer
All points wherein we well account
I cannot reason up
On Fifteene full one gives the bread
but would not give the stepe
One pleads in pulpits for our faith
implicite, and can shew
And faith none kneslers must demand
they can in no way shew
A third to prove your kneeling good
although it came from us
Reads in our Masse booke word for
and thence concludes
Heres (Sursum corda) which faith he,
we have from popish weire
Our Church as good retains, it which
of us complainer of it
Some yet more cunningly conuince
in act, and turning the same
Like usurers, when we our worlde
and worship is the same
Our robes must be your ornaments
or for distinction
You must have none but beards
and therefore prayers valde
Our chapples are your giving chinks
strange language learning degrees
In stead of our processions, you
perambulations
Our kneeling is your kneeling
our crosse in babes face
Is now become your Christian badge
and no small signe of grace
Our images are your pictures
of men that doe adorne

Your Churches, if you pull them downe
it hardly will be borne
If *Bendary men* will doe their deere,
I trow they have their deere
Their orders are well kept I heare
with welcome newes to Rome
Yea worthy newes I hope are this
it's over all the towne
Your Churchmen have no thoritie
to thrust our pictures downe
Your homilie falsch they deale
wherein it seemes to be
This order writes another till
to wit they beaustie
And so concludes that who do doth
than mouth his deace
Is justly censured at one
that doth prophane the place
A ha Sir Large now like you this
did he not lay the troth
That said you would soon ease our meat
that thus fell to our troth
What promise we that you doe not
have we stewes, you have flage
Blesphemy we, you have increase
maintain'd with wrong and rage
Pardon we faults, you let forth force
for filthinesse to farme
The sturper poore most penance pay
the rich hath no such name
Sometimes in deed for venge need
the fillie stands in these
When with bare breast & head bare and
the taken walke the streete
In briefe what ere may be the fruits
of all our collations
Our pardons, penance, indulgence,
and other dispensations
The same is of your punishment
of sinne by flack or purse
Your see for dissolution
your Canons, Court, and cule
No further name a lip who cap
that any doth comult

a Abbot
to Tim.
Lowel.

b Doffor
Layfeld.

c M.Hq's

But

But your conformitie will breed,
 or feed, and foster it.
 Let any that will not conforme
 very downe idolatrie:
 Error, and heretic confute,
 never to learnedly.
 Let him reproove dumbe ministers
 the drunkards Simony,
 Adulterie, non residence:
 bribe takers usury.
 Lots, dycing, Angleries, brothelhouse
 the shag haired roaring boyes.
 The Taverne Inne, Tobacco shop,
 that all the place annoyes.
 The feathered cap, the Saffron ruske,
 the lorthsome hellish pride:
 Some galled horse begins to snuffe
 the Preacher must be trider.
 Nay let him preach for loyaltie,
 to lawfull Magistrate:
 Yea plead, and pray most fervently
 for safety of the State.
 Let him for Princes health, and peace
 alledge the strongest reason.
 And soundly preche the harmes of
 of poison powder treason.
 There is not a Papist in the place
 or Atheist in the towne:
 But hath a trick to fetch him up,
 and well high pull him downe.
 Where are the thousand men become,
 that fought for reformation,
 A Reue bird, with his heady booke,
 tooke wrought their desolation.
 Ho! they'd have superstitions downe,
 dumbe Ministers suppress.
 But this our Doctors proditors could
 in no wise well digest.
 They would have no Non residents,
 each pastore flock must feede:
 And yet have but due recompense,
 here were a world indeed.
 They'd no Comendams have, they'd no
 pluralities permit.

They shot at Rowers yet how right,
 these *Oxford birds* they hit.
 They would have mended many things
 in common prayer booke:
 In fine they would have *discipline*,
 which none of us can brooke.
 'Tis *Discipline* I say I gaine,
 that we cannot abide.
 And have therein all for all men,
 and Prelates on our side.
 All Newcomers our Religion hate,
 and civill men no doubt.
 Yet should it come to parting wealth,
 its feard they would stand out. (Sear)
 They would joyne close for Prince, and
 for countrey, children, wives.
 It thought they would not part with
 but joyntlie venture lives. (these)
 'Tis this, heads in your care a word
 that puts us to our paine.
 That we vie not with dust of sword,
 the goodness of our cause.
Protestant
 Avant you peevish plotting priest,
 you Tylor keepe him sure:
 And heare him longer they thus list,
 I will it not endure.
 See how he hath the bloody mounds
 of Popish crew descride.
 More sweet their cause by Princes lawes,
 at Tyburne should be tride.
 And are our Prebates Popish men?
 I thought they had beene wise.
 I sought them for good Protestants
 though none of them precise.
 Oft have I heard a fore (it is
 no lesse a just) complaint
 Of Priests, and Popish liberie,
 and Puritans restraint.
 I meane such as these Impes doe terme
 that meane of grace with hand.
 And under that pretence molest
 the quiet of the land.

This

This pacifier dissimables not,
whom Papists meane to strike,
He tells us plainly whom the Pope
and Prelates love alike.
He brings to mind an adage old,
which once I saw in text,
Its not to know, nor old as true,
I will it here rehearse:
*Lordships make dumbe Ministers,
whence Ignorance doth spring,
Hence Popery, thence treacherie,
'gainst Countreie, State, and King.*
Why stay I thus? and presently,
betake me not to Court,
And in the cares of Prince, and Peeres,
this conference report. (thought
Why joyne wee not that would be
good subjects in request,
First to the Lord then to the King,
these things may be redrest.
Why seeke we not by all good meanes
these mischiefs to prevent:
And by true Christian force unite,
to frustrate their intent.
Is Princes life so little worth
is countries love so cold?
Must wives and children be to sword
as sheepe to slaughter fould?
Shall sharking Spaniard share our goods
shall these our babes eate
Our lands possesse we purchast have,
with perill, paine, & sweate. (sought
Much better true Church rule were
that these things might be stay'd,
Then Poperie, or Prelacie,
that favour it indur'd.
We shall be counted Furriners,
two strick men scrupulous:
Better we wrongfullie so term'd,
then justly treacherous
Who ever heard that such as stand,
for Christs true Discipline,
In Popish plot had head, or hand
in treacherous designe.

Increase, then his Majestie
the Prelates may see
To Church her ancient perill fight
usurping it no more.
It's this you see would damage our foes
our friends would grace
Our Kings secure, Judgements remove,
and blessings multiply.
But if we walking as before
Christs discipline with stand,
Some feareful plague, & Judgement sure
will overtake the land.
The Lord hath sent his Ministers,
but we have them disgraced:
His Prophets mockt, his messengers
suspended, and displaced.
Some are disperst, others despisd,
in prison some remaine
Some ended have their daies in bands,
whose blood doth yet complaine.
That wives, and children here, & there
expos'd to miserie:
No marvell if ere long we heare
ther's now no remedie.
Our people perill in their sinnes
through want of Ministrle,
To God void of religion,
to Prince of Loyaltie.
Its not unknowne that Diggers first
rose up, and havock made,
Where Preachers silent, first were forst,
their places to forsake.
But let's have these restor'd, let no
dumbe Ministers be made:
Let such as have crept in returne
unto their former trade.
Hee learned Minister goes forth, and
who knows him, knows 'twere
He preaching were, not prisoner, meete
in Kings bench, or the Fleet.
Let others more be set at large,
let *Asbby* man be gone:
Let *Leicester* men have their discharge,
let *Banbury* men alone.

HERE FOLLOWETH A
BRIEFE RELATION OF THE DEATH

of that worthis Master *Bates*, who being
a Prisoner in the Gatehouse, dyed the second
of October 1630 a faithfull witnesse of
of the Truth. With some briefe notes
of the cause why others are
still imprisoned.

Right Reverend *Roswell Bates* at
when twenty months were past
God freed from Gatehouse into which
he caulethly was call.
He dyed not in contempt of lawes
or lawfull Marriage
But baring witnesse in the cause
against the Romish state
His Prince he lov'd those whom he sent
he readily obeyd
And patiently he underwent
what others one him laid
More loyall, faithfull to the state
for King, and Kingdomes good
Then those who by restraint impair'd
his health, and truth with hood
More fit for heaven say they
but woe to them that spill
The blood of saints with crueltie
their measure no full fill
Release was sought, but what successe
they did not blush for shame,
To say the King would have it thus,
loe he must beare the blame.
Though I saye that all in hand

concern may also in animal said
with locke and key
They feare the corrales shence
they cannot be secure
The Coffin up they heave
they see, but they doubt
Some image lies in wares in head
of bodies taken out
The three they looke
yet when his face
They knew him not
at least it is not he
Some of their owne
and so content the spirit
Thus all his servants wished
that broken unclothes
All what I could of
to speake I would be loath
Of all their men
lower God or fence
Which Surprize, Tiptoe and
with mooves and
They flout him when they could
on him no further paine.
Indeed he hated so doth God
the Epith protetic,

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